Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XVI. Philadelphia, July 15, 1837. Whole No. 833.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LINES

Suggested by the Engraving of West's Picture of Death on the Pale Horse, in the Casket.

Death comes! he comes on his courser pale,
Wide-waving the lurid light of its tail,—
With gob in head and black starting eye,
Whose hell-fire gleam burns the pallid sky.
And tramping down in his charter'd wrath,
The flying crowds that shrink in his path,
The Destroyer comes—a skeleton fierce,
Arm'd to fulfil the primal curse,
With ice-dart tipp'd with sulphureous glow,—
A fiery crown on his fleshless brow,—
His livid face demoniac fraught
With deadlier ill than his rage hath yet wrought.
Tho' pale lies young beauty's cheek in the dust
At the glance of the monster's insatiate lust,—
Tho' the pride of bold manhood's prime is crush'd,
The voice of the bride and bridegroom hush'd,
And love, stricken down beside those ne'er to rise,
With Hope, fond attendant! too grovels and dies.
With whirlwind speed and gigantic bound
That tears and scorches the quaking ground,
On rush the Pale Horse and its Rider—on
Like blasting flash, just glancing and gone;
While close hov'ring behind to mock and defile,
Of Stygian shapes a reptile rout vile—
Foul sin's black brood—hell's second birth—
Foam, revel, and hiss o'er the carcase-strown earth:
And, the dim sun beams in disastrous eclipse furl'd,
Wan sorrow's shade sicklies o'er this fair, fleeting world.

But who is it mighty from Edom that comes,
To disarm the dread demon of the tombs?
Oh! man of woe and love thrice-divine!
Jehovah incarnate, incarnadine!
Embodied God! by pity brought down
From thy own high place on the holiest throne,
To bleed and to suffer for erring man,
Completing redemption's mysterious plan!
Calm, kingly, concentred thou mov'st on sublime,
Impressing eternity's stamp upon time;
Still god like thou standest tho' self doomed and bound
In shame and sorrow to bide the sacrificial wound,
From Death's serpent-sting; thy heel he may bruise,
His head thou shalt crush—his dominion unloose.

'Tis come, the appointed supernal hour
Of the prince of darkness' unholy pow'r
When forsaken of man, unaided by Heav'n
To despair, ignominy, and suffering giv'n,—
The heir of God's glory—the co-existent Son
Prays, trembles, and wrestles in agony lone.
Unawed by that grace-breathing aspect divine,
The sin-gender'd pest with grim joy malign,
Triumphant advances in impious pride,
His profane hand uplift'd to dare Deicide!
The Man-God sinks;—with frantic shout
Hell's brazen courts ring wildly out;
While fiercer flash in livid glare
Her wavering flames thro' upper air;
And the darkness of dun Tartarean smoke,
Sinks down over earth at the fatal stroke.

But lo! thro' the blackness of hopeless night,
What ray streams sudden in radiance bright?
'Tis a ray of that endless effulgence divine
By the sapphire-blaze shed o'er the sea crystalline
'Neath the living throne,—and which ever shall shine
On the walls of the New Jerusalem,
Where God in presence himself is the sun and the gem.

Bursting the bonds of the marble tomb,
From death to life soaring, to glory from gloom,
Hail to Jesus the Saviour!—hosannas on high
For the crucified Conqueror—th' incarn'd Deity!
His fierce foes now prostrate—all pow'r to him giv'n
In righteousness he reigns over earth and in Heav'n.
See Death in dust cow'ring his sentence to meet;
Messiah tramples him under his feet:
Then downwards hurl'd to the lake of fire,
With sin and hell and their serpent sire,
Shall he languish in torments that never expire.

Of all nations and kindreds a numberless band,
In white vestures rob'd, victor-palms in each hand,
The redeem'd from destruction—the ransom'd from sin
With their Prince, their salvation, to his rest enter in;
And wide the pearl gates of Heav'n expand
To receive the immortal, the amaranth-crown'd band,
To worship the Son to his throne restor'd,
The seraphim's sovereign—creation's liege-Lord,—
Cherubic shapes in eager myriads crowd
Blowing their uplift'd angel-trumpets loud;
While dulcet silvery harps, on ravish'd ears,
Mix with the music of the crystal spheres,
On gales ambrosial wafting thro' the sky,
The hymnings high of seraph-minstrelsy.
The strain of triumph evermore shall ring
Thro' the blue depths of the etherial sky;
And "Peace on earth,—good-will to men they sing,
Oh! vanquished Death! where's now thy sting?
Where, oh, grave! thy victory?" E.

THE COUNT OF TRIONTO.

A TALE OF THE ABRUZZOS.

Some years since, in a journey through the south-east of Italy, I was detained, by one of the summer fevers, in the town of Cesano. Few travellers pass by this route, for the double reason of its not having the highest repute for the security of purse and person, and for the general unhealthiness of the shores of the Gulph of Tarento. But all Italy is at once a tomb and a museum; and if I offer my panegyric of the coast of the Tarentine bay, it is in honest admiration of its beauty, and of the treasures of ancient art that are found under the beds of the vineyards and Indian corn, and on every slope of every hill, with no more trouble than driving a spade half a foot into the ground. The wealth of Rome, when Rome gathered the wealth of the world, flowed out on the palaces and bowers of the Mediterranean. The spoil of the warrior ravaging the ends of the earth, and tearing away his unwrought gold and ivory from the African, his gems from the Asiatic, and his frankincense and myrrh from the Arab, was, on these shores, transmuted into opulent taste and refined magnificence. The great imperial tree, which had imbibed its sustenance from the rude and dark nutriment of conquest and military extortion, here threw out its fruits, and showed its branches covered with the last exquisite product of wealth and power. Along the coast we can still trace the palaces of the Roman sovereigns and patricians, enriched with the finest sculpture, and, though often covered to some distance by the sea, still distinctly seen, or perhaps only the more perfectly preserved.

I had remained in the neighbourhood some time after my recovery, interested by the relics and recollections of the place. The Gulph of Tarentum had been, from the earliest ages, the great centre of intercourse between the Greek islands and Rome; and the intercourse continued with the capital of the Constantines, when Rome had fallen from her supremacy, or, perhaps, if a stranger and an American might be allowed to speak, when Rome had lost her imperial supremacy, only to possess herself of a supremacy more boundless, more complete, and more ambitious, than ever was won by the sword. On this coast debarked the countless armies that the Emperors of Constantinople sent in succession to check the barbarian invasions, to awe the spiritual monarch who fought with weapons more powerful than the flesh, or to reclaim the provinces which changed their allegiance with the caprice that makes one of the oldest distinctions of Italian sovereignty.

But war, as well as wealth, has left its traces on this shore, and the tumuli, that have long since grown into hillocks of myrtle and the wild rose, cover many a remnant of the soldiery of Asia. In a corner of a small nook, half shut out from the human eye by the branches of an immense *Saule pleureur*, a weeping willow, that the very hand of taste, if the hand of nature be not essential taste, seemed to have planted, rises the fragment of a small Ionic tower, with every volute of its pillars hung with festoons of the climbing plants and hardy flowers that even the sea-breeze cannot wither.—Some shadowy tradition among the peasantry assigns it as the tomb of Belisarius; who, after his fall by the jealousy and baseness of one of the most heartless and hypocritical tyrants that ever degraded even the Greek throne, they say, wandered to Italy, and on the spot which he had so often trod in the pride of a conqueror and almost a king, laid down the burthen of a life exhausted by blindness, poverty, and a sense of the ingratitude of man.

I had taken out my pencil, and was making one of my sketches of the tomb, when, by the shadow thrown over my paper, I found that I was not alone. I looked round, and discovered the cause of the eclipse in a tall fisherman, who, pointing to my performance with Italian familiarity, did me the honour to approve of my talent, and said, that, though he had seen half a hundred *pittori* from Naples—nay, from the 'Eternal City,' sketching that tomb, he had not seen one who succeeded so much to his satisfaction as myself.' In England this would have been but ill received; but it was thoroughly well meant, and not worse expressed than if it had come from the lips of a marquis, playing the cognoscente in the Lateran. So I did what was expected of me—acknowledged the compliment by a douceur, and did even more than was expected; for the receiver of my pauls, after reckoning them to assure himself of his good fortune, professed his readiness to accompany me to every ruin for fifty miles round, if I liked.

'If your highness' (for I had been thus exalted already) 'should wish to see something better than these bricks and stones, that every body can see, I could bring you to a spot which no signor, either English or Roman, has ever stretched; nor, indeed, are there half-a-dozen of the wise men of Cesano who have the sense to venture there.—Fancy is the queen of fools, and they fancy that a ghost or a goblin is hid there behind every stone.' As I was to proceed on my tour at daybreak, I proposed to my cicerone an instant excursion to the place; but I soon discovered that he too was among the wise men of Cesano, and had some strong reluctance to visit this terror of his townsmen. 'It is a beautiful sight, no doubt,' said he: 'for the ruins are almost as fresh as ever; and if you wish to see frescos and fragments, there you will have them to your heart's content. Yet, if it were but the early part of the day, or even noon; but now ——' He pointed with a strong gesture to the sun that was stooping over the waters, and sheeting them over with red, green, and blue; till the whole looked like a boundless bed of mother-o'-pearl. Words found their way at last; and he frankly acknowledged that he should prefer attending me when there was less chance of our being plunged into twilight.

But I had made up my mind to see the ruin; and it was not the shiverings of an Italian's conscience that should stop me. I applied that argument which, acting by contact, has so often penetrated the understandings of mightier men: I appealed to his sense of coin; and, having exercised the devil of fear by the devil of money, was equally amused and astonished by the vigour of his strides before me into the forest; which, unless the national debt of the returned dynasty have laid the axe to its honours, still throws its brown umbrage over the ridges of Trionto.

The way was steep; but I was then light of foot, and my guide had the spring and activity of a roebuck. We hurried on for nearly an hour; and, at last, after a struggle through a thicket that would have done honour to an Indian jungle, making our way, like a pair of wolves, through the network of weeds, climbers, and fallen branches, I saw the light of day over our heads once more. A slight belt of thicket still rose before us, and my guide's conscience seemed to be suddenly on the alert again. 'Beyond this,' said he, 'is the grand ruin.' There his tongue and his feet paused together. But I had no time to argue with him now; so, leaving him to settle the matter with his confessor, I burst my way through the boundary.

The sight before me was, indeed, a grand ruin. A fine bold elevation of the mountain was covered with the wreck of a palace of considerable magnitude; but the effect was in the singular richness and beauty of the materials. The brow of the ascent was crowned with a colonnade of marble, still as purely white as ever came statue from the chisel of Canova; gilded cornices, and walls painted with frescos, still of extraordinary brilliancy of colour, (thanks to an Italian temperature!) were lying open to the eye; and surrounded as the palace was with all the noblest features of mountain scenery,—abrupt precipices pictured with every hue of stone and vegetation, solemn ravines passing away from the eye into shade, and from shade into utter darkness, and a forest as old as the Romans,—its decay, is all but those masses of magnificent decoration, and the groups and ranges of columns standing bright and erect above the fallen architecture, wore a melancholy pomp, that spoke less even to the eye than to the mind.

The fisherman, having at length ascertained, by my hailing him, that neither monk nor magician had made prize of me, and probably thinking that, in case of a rencontre of this kind, the heretic American would serve as a scape-goat to the true believer, now ventured forward, and found me busily engaged with my pencils. The sun was throwing a profusion of all kinds of lovely lights on the various points of the ruin; and I was so anxious to seize them, that I had nearly forgotten my cicerone. I was roused by the sound of sorrow. Tears and gesticulations belong to the South, and, of all men, the Italian weeps and writhes the most vigorously upon all occasions; but the mourner beside me had some cause for his feeling.

'It is twenty years,' said he, 'since I have come so far into the forest; and if I were to live a hundred, I should never see it without thinking of the days that I passed here: within these walls was the loveliest Lady that ever sun shone on, and the noblest Lord. May my name not be Jeronimo, if the Count was not a noble fellow: there is not in the whole land, from Rome to Tarento, a Noble with half the stateliness, half the spirit, or half the generosity of Count Cesare di Trionto. He was a great man: but he had one fault; and that fault did what you see before you: it made his own grave, and pulled down all his grandeur over him.'

'The noble's story was evidently on his vassal's lips. My sketch was finished; and, on our way down the mountain, Jeronimo suffered himself, with infinite protestations of inability, but evidently with the pride of every narrator of an exclusive story, to communicate the events which had so summarily swept away the mansion and its lord.

'When I was still but a boy,' said he, 'one of our cottages on the shore was taken for a month or two by a Sicilian nobleman, who had been forced to make his escape from some of the troubles in his island. In the cottage he remained two years; for he had, in one way or other, involved himself with the Viceroy, and it was dangerous for him to return. He was a fine figure, cheerful and bold, and, in the beginning, fond of running out with us to sea; but he soon gave up his excursions, and became ill and unhappy. He had heard bad news from his friends in Sicily, and his revenues were sinking fast; but he had one comfort, a most beautiful daughter. I have seen many a handsome creature in my time; but never did I see the equal of the Lady Angela Guidoni. I have her large black eyes, and her raven ringlets clustering around them, and her rosy smile that no one ever looked on without joy, or thought of afterwards without sorrow, before my eyes at this moment. In short, as you may suppose, all the young fellows, for miles round, were distracted for her, from the first day when she went to the Church of Cesano; and some of us were rich; but we knew too well the pride of the Sicilian; and, as we should certainly have had either Count Guidoni's rapier in us, or he would have swept his daughter away to some other town, we contented ourselves with buying new guitars to serenade her with, making the worst verses in the world in praise of her goodness and beauty, and jilting all the fair maidens of Cesano, and ten leagues round, for her sake.

'At length, the whole province was in an uproar of rejoicing at the news that Count Cesare, who had been an Austrian general, had gained a complete victory over the Turks; and, after having been loaded with honours by the Emperor, was returning to settle in his own domains. He was received like an Emperor himself, and the whole country was in a tumult of rejoicings, dances, and processions, for a month, to welcome a nobleman who could have brought all its grandees together.—The Count Guidoni alone kept at a distance; but the Lady Angela's beauty could not be unknown; and one day, after a boar hunt, the Count Cesare stopped at his cottage to inquire his way. This was, probably, a pretext; for he contrived to lose his way at least once a week, and could find no other guide than the Sicilian nobleman. Count Cesare found the beauty of his daughter was not overpraised. He was unmarried, in the prime of manly life, immensely rich, and, though darkened by service in the field, was of a very striking and even handsome countenance. The Sicilian and he soon became the best friends in the world; but it was observed that the Lady Angela hid herself from society, more and more, after his return. At length, it was rumoured, to the astonishment of every body, that the great Count Cesare had asked her in marriage, and, to the still higher astonish- [illegible] and the women universally pronounced that the first was improbable, and the second impossible. But the Count Cesare soon after took his departure; and we heard of him only as plunging into dangers of all kinds, and gaining laurels at the expense of pashas and viziers.

'The country was now all grief for the loss of a noble who expended ducats in showers; and all the women were outrageous at what they called the witchcraft of the young Sicilian lady; but there was no witchcraft in the state of her father's fortunes. His agents refused to send him supplies, and he was often, I believe, without a piastre. Our people had human feelings; but he proudly refused all assistance from them. Matters were going on worse and worse; and every glimpse that I caught of the Lady Angela, showed me that she bore her full share in the family sorrows.

'I was one evening looking out for some of our boats that were kept at sea by a gale; the storm came on heavier towards night-fall; and I was driven to find shelter where I could. The crags along the shore were my first stand, until the rising of the surf fairly dashed me out of it; the forest was my next, until the crashing of the branches by the wind, and the flashes of the lightning among the trunks, gave me only the choice of being buried alive, or burned to a cinder. I was then forced to make the best of my way under the wing of the Count Guidoni's cottage: the night was soon dark as death; and I could see into the low casement of the cottage without being seen.

'There was, sitting at a table covered with papers, the Count, the picture of unhappiness; and at a little distance from the casement, as if she actually wished to be struck by the lightning, the Signora Angela, looking more sorrowfully, and yet more lovely, than ever. A sudden burst of lightning startled them both; and the Count, leading her from the casement, gave a glance towards the sea, which was then rising in mountains. 'This is a dreadful night, Angela,' said he: 'it is fortunate for us that we have shelter still; yet how short a time that may last——' He broke off in the midst of the sentence, and, clasping his hands, sat opposite to his daughter, gazing on her. But she, without raising her head, only repeated his words, 'It *is* a dreadful night.' The Count then turned to examine his papers, and breaking out from time to time, with the exclamations of 'Villain!' 'Plunderer!' took up a packet of them, threw them before the lady, walked, in great disturbance of mind, up and down the little room.—'There, Angela!' said he; 'learn of what human nature is made: there, that miscreant Spiridion, whom I took out of the lowest depths of poverty, whom I fostered, and fed, trusted, and raised into wealth—read there his answer to my demand for mere subsistence out of my own property: yet what have I to thank but my own credulity? By making him my steward, I placed my estates in his hands: by the weakness of making him the depository of my public opinions, I have put my life in his power:—and now all must be ruin, aggravated by the misery of knowing that it is the work of my own folly.'

'The Lady Angela lifted her eyes to his countenance at these words; and they seemed to me like the two stars that we see sometimes rising through the tempest, and that are always signs of hope.—'Not folly, my father,' said she, wiping away a tear: 'the world is a trying one at the best; but it would be still more bitter, if we had not the belief that it contains some generous and faithful hearts, which nothing can shake. Is there no news from your friend the Chevalier?'

'You will find in that packet a letter from him, which has, at least, one characteristic of friendship; for it describes my situation just as it is. You will see there that we have now nothing for life but struggle, and must earn our bread by the labour of our hands. Spiridion, having got my papers into his possession, has first set up a claim to the last remnant of property left to me by the mercy of our cruel and suspicious Government, and he has next threatened me with seizure, by that Government, if I dare to return.'

'The lady continued searching for the letter while he spoke, and, having found it, glanced over a few of the lines with a languid smile. 'The Chevalier,' said she, 'has, I see, all the alarms of the *vieille cour* at poverty. His dread that I should be compelled to have recourse to my harp or my pencil for subsistence, makes him miserable; yet to that it must come at last, and I have no aristocratic feelings to silence. But I can find none here who have sufficient taste for the arts to employ noble teachers, and, in short, my dear father, if we intend to live, we must leave the unpolished barbarism of Cesano, and go to the polished barbarism of Naples or Rome.'

'There is one hope, my child,' said the Count, stopping, and in an anxious tone: 'if you could bring your mind to take a true view of circumstances, there is one prospect of restoration, and but one.' He paused; and the lady's look besought him to spare her. 'I speak but for your own good, my child,' said the Count hastily. 'The world to me is nothing; I can take an oar, or a net, and go out with the fishermen for my livelihood; while strength remains to me, I can live by my labour; but you are made for better things. I cannot see you buried in perpetual obscurity, or, worse still, toiling for your obscure bread in the midst of the baseness of cities.'

'But we must go into the world; Italy is full of capitals, where the humble find their natural refuge, and where the opulent life has so many superfluities, that it may scatter a portion of them to those who will stoop to take them up, as I shall.'

'Angela, you speak without remembering that it is only in this obscurity we can be safe. The hand of Government would be upon us instantly, if we could be discovered. For myself I should care but little; but the malice of my persecutors knows nothing of generosity, nothing of manliness, nothing of natural respect for the daughter of a noble house, when that house has fallen under their merciless displeasure. You would be seized instantly, if it were only to wreak their revenge on my feelings. I should see your youth worn away in a dungeon, if your wretchedness and mine were not shortened by laying down our heads on a scaffold.'

'The lady shuddered and listened. 'But now,' said the Count, taking her hand and fondly looking on her face, where a blush was already rising, as if she knew what he was going to utter, 'there is still one hope; and it depends upon your dignity of mind to make that hope a reality. We have been already deeply indebted to the Count of Trionto: but for this asylum, your father would have been in the hands of his enemies; but for even his pecuniary aid, I must have been reduced to difficulties that, for your sake, I tremble to think of. He is highminded, eminent in rank, and eminent in honour: he has fully explained his mind to me long since. Your rejection of his honourable and most magnificent offer has absolutely made him an exile from his estates. One word from you would bring him back; place you once more in opulence, in the highest rank below the throne, in the power of rendering yourself a benefactress to thousands, a happiness to your country, and need I say—for that you are already—a blessing to your father.—Here, Angela, is the Count Cesare's letter, which I have received but this day, and which, if you pronounce in his favour, this night will send me to my pillow the happiest man that ever slept on the pillow of an exile.'

'The lady took the letter with a trembling touch; but her eyes were suddenly fixed on a line at its foot, which mentioned that the Count had taken advantage of the sailing of one of the royal frigates, (the Santo Bambino,) to send his first aid-de-camp to receive the answer; and, if it should be favourable, to prepare the palace for the reception of his bride. She showed the postscript to her father, who said that 'this was another instance of the Count's kindness; for this aid-de-camp was the son of his old friend the Chevalier, whom he had recommended to the Count.'

'Julio Visconti!' exclaimed the lady, as if she had been thunderstruck. 'And *he* is coming here, and to ask me for the wife of the Count of Trionto!'

'What the remainder of the dialogue was I could not hear; for the wind now roared like Vesuvius, and I was compelled to hold by the trees to escape being blown into the sea. But other sounds came with the storm; for I heard the report of guns of distress, and, in a few minutes after, the trampling of the cavalry stationed on the coast, coming down at full gallop, and crying out that the Santo Bambino was upon the rocks of Scala. All the beacons were fired immediately, the whole neighbourhood were gathered on the shore with ropes and oars, and a crowd of our boats were drawn from under cover, ready to be launched at a moment's warning. But the wind, which had blown off shore, now shifted completely round; and whatever might be the courage of our fishermen, we could not get out a boat; and by the flashes of the lightning, we could plainly see the frigate embayed under the lee of the Scala, a ridge not more than a quarter of a league from the harbour. But we did all that we could. We hoisted signals from the tops of the rocks, made fires, and discharged musquets, to tell them that help was nigh; yet we might as well have been a hundred leagues off. The frigate clearly struck harder upon the ridge. At length a burst of lightning and a thunder peal, that came almost together, drove every man to shelter; and I took my old station near the Count Guidoni's cottage. A torch was burning in the casement, for a light to the ship, and the lady was sitting alone inside.—The Count soon after hurried into the room, with his cloak on his arm and his boat-hook in his hand, telling her that he would soon return and bring her good news of the frigate. He then rushed out, and I saw him urging the boatmen to venture towards the ship. The lady soon after rose suddenly, and continued wandering, like a distracted being, through the house, now darting to every window that looked on the water—then darting back in terror at the sight. At length, I heard her give a scream that struck through the heart: I looked up to offer her help; but she was gone, and I soon saw her flying down to the shore. My mind misgave me; for I saw the sky growing red, and I feared that the ship had caught the lightning; and what I feared was true. I followed the lady towards the beach, and, on rounding yonder rocks, came in full view of the ship. She was on fire from stem to stern. The blaze was so terrible, even at that distance, and the fear of being struck by the shot from her guns was so great, that, if our fishermen had been unwilling to put out before, they were now not to be moved by either threats or promises. I had lost sight of the lady in the crowd; but I now heard a loud cry of terror, and saw, by the ship's blaze, a boat with a female in it, tossing along the surf. The Lady Angela, finding that no one would venture out to sea, had desperately flung herself into the boat, and, unable to manage it, was driven about by the wind. Her father could not bear that sight, and he plunged into the water and sprang on board. But what could two such sailors do on such a night? I saw that they must be lost, without some help; and I shall never be sorry to think that I risked the chance of as heavy a sea as ever rolled into the bay of Tarento, to take my share of the voyage, whatever it might be. Cheers from every point of the shore followed us; and away we flew, through a sea as white as if it were covered with a fall of snow.

'As we neared the frigate we saw plainer, at every moment, that all the power of man could not save her. Her masts and yards were burning up like trees in a forest; her sails were flying loose in flakes of fire; her ports were roaring forges; and the fragment of the poop that still remained uncaught was narrowing every instant, and looked only like a wedge of metal still unmelted in the midst of a huge furnace. I would have kept away from the guns and the blowing up of the magazine; but the lady was not to be withstood; she implored, wept, and commanded that I should, at least, try to save some of the unfortunate people that were still living on the poop. The Count and I fell to the oars, until we got within pistol-shot of her stern: there I saw a young officer standing at the helm, and, to the last, attempting to give the ship way off the rocks, and keep up the spirits of the people. A scream from the Lady Angela, as he turned towards us, caught his ear: for he instantly let go the helm, mounted the gallery, and, waving his hand to us to keep off from the burning timbers, was about to throw himself into the water. Whether he ever made the attempt or not is beyond my knowledge; for, in another moment, I felt a blast that almost tore us out of the water, filled the air with fire, and sent the frigate to the bottom of the sea, leaving nothing but a pile of black smoke as thick as dust, to tell us where the finest frigate in his Majesty's service had blown up.—How the boat escaped, is a miracle. It might have been from our lying so close under her stern; and, for the same reasons, we found on board, on our return, the young officer's sword, which, perhaps, he had thrown to us in getting ready to plunge.

'For many days after, the shore was covered with wreck and the bodies of the crew; but the flames and the storm together had rendered it impossible to distinguish the dead; and they were buried in a common grave.

'There was now no concealment of the love of the Lady Angela for the young officer, whom, as the son of her father's oldest friend, she had known in Sicily, and promised to marry as soon as his rank in the army was sufficient to satisfy the family pride of the Count. But there was now no living impediment to her marriage with her noble lover; and the Count Guidoni renewed his entreaties to her to consider his declining years and her own unprotected state among strangers. She still resisted, and only wished to be suffered to enter into a convent. But her mind was at last decided.—The Count of Trionto had returned to his estates, preparatory to his leaving them, for ever as it was said, and said, too, on account of the Lady Angela's final rejection of his offer. He had announced that he should come to take leave of Guidoni; and, on the evening when he was expected, the lady, to avoid the pain of the interview, had gone to visit the nuns of the convent of Santa Isadora, where she had intended to profess. But on her return she was startled by the sound of voices in the cottage, and, entering, saw, to her terror, the Count Guidoni in the hands of the Sicilian officers of police, his retreat had been discovered, and in another hour he would be on his road to a Sicilian dungeon. It was near midnight; yet she called up one of the peasants, and, mounting a mule, with its owner for her guide, galloped straight to the Trionto palace.

'The Count received the fair lady with equal surprise and pleasure, and was still more astonished when, as the price of his protection to her father, she offered him her hand. His generosity would have done the service without the reward; but her determination was fixed. The officers were forced to give up their prey, and within one week the whole coast was in a blaze of fireworks for the marriage of the lovely Lady Angela and the magnificent Lord of Trionto and a crowd of palazzos and estates besides.

'I had my share of the rejoicing; for the Count, hearing of my having ventured out to save the unfortunate people in the frigate, was pleased to give me a handsome sum, and, what I liked better still, to make me the principal steersman of his state barge. Some months passed in festivities; and the whole finished with a regatta, such as never before was seen on this part of the coast, and which was long compared to the Marriage of the Adriatic by the Venetians. Prizes were given for the boat races; and the winner of no less than three, was to be appointed to a station in the Count's household. There was but one boatman who had this good fortune, and he was ordered on board the barge to receive his prizes from the hand of the Count himself: the man had the colour of a Moor, but he spoke Italian well enough to be understood; he was tall, and with a fine figure and features, but dark enough for the tawniest Moor that ever scorched under the sun of Barbary. His cleverness, activity, and obedience, soon made him a favourite with the Count, who always took Abdallah with him on his excursions. The Count was as capital a seaman as soldier; and he sometimes continued out for whole days and nights, running up the coast as far as Venice, or round to Naples; but, after some time, those excursions became so frequent, that he might be said to live more in his barge than in his palace. There was evidently something on his mind, and there was as evidently something on the mind of his beautiful wife. The festivals were kept no more in the same high style at the palace, and the Lady had returned to her habits of loneliness. Strange whispers began to spread through the household, of family disagreements; and I remember to have seen my Lord on the poop of the barge, showing letters and papers to Abdallah, on which the Moor gave him his opinion, and they were immediately torn up, and flung overboard. A fragment, which was blown to my feet, excited my curiosity so much, that I could not resist reading it; and, though it mentioned no names, it told enough for me to conjecture that my Lord was wrong in marrying a woman who had loved another before him. In the midst of those anxieties, an express arrived from Naples, summoning the Count to court, to take the command of the troops that were ordered to the assistance of the Duke of Savoy, against the French invasion of Piedmont. Abdallah had by this time grown so great a favourite, that he left him in charge of the palazzo and estate. On the evening of the Count's departure, I was waiting for orders to follow him to Naples, when I saw Abdallah hastily enter from the suite of apartments belonging to the Countess; it was twilight, and I was unperceived in the recess of one of the apartments where I sat. The Moor thought himself alone, and gave vent [illegible] In a short time the Countess came from her apartments; and, after conversing with Abdallah in a low tone, but with palpable earnestness, she suddenly rushed back, weeping violently, and left the Moor in scarcely less perturbation than her own. Those interviews continued evening after evening: sometimes on occasions of letters from the Count, sometimes apparently by accident, but always ending with sighs and sorrows on both sides.

'I too had my share of trouble. To suffer the Count to be deceived, was contrary to my duty; yet, to accuse a Lady so high in rank, and so distinguished for virtue, the benefactress of every sufferer in the province, and whose face was the image of truth and beauty together, was to make me seem ungrateful, as well as to bring on me the chance of being considered the inventor of a malignant tale. But the intelligence had reached him from some other quarter; and, in two days after, I received a private order to set out for a hunting lodge a dozen leagues on the other side of the mountains. I there found the Count just returned from Naples. He questioned me as to the interviews of the Countess and the Moor; but, growing impatient, he ordered his horses, and we rode towards the palazzo. It was towards evening when we reached the forest, and, tying our horses to a tree, we waited at the entrance of yonder ravine—We had not waited above a few minutes before we heard the sound of voices; and I saw the Countess advancing along with a Cavalier, and both engaged in deep conversation. As they passed near the thicket where we stood, I could see tears flowing down the lady's face, and hear her pronounce the Count's name with a deep sigh. The Cavalier had drawn his cap down on his brows, so that with the darkening hour, and the shade of the trees, I could not discern his features: they moved on; and we followed in silence. At the turn of the wood, where the path opens by a gate to the road to Taresto, they stopped and talked for a while; but their conversation grew more anxious every moment, until the Cavalier fell upon his knee, and continued pressing the Lady's hand to his lips. I looked at the Count: he said nothing; but his face was flushed with indignation, and he had drawn the pistol from his belt, and was loading it with a second ball. I put out my hand to prevent his using the deadly weapon, and he turned its muzzle to the ground: but an exclamation from the Countess again roused us both, and I saw her totter towards the Cavalier, who caught her, fainting, in his arms. The Count's wrath could be restrained no longer: he sprang from the thicket, and, calling heaven and earth to witness that his vengeance was just, flung one of the pistols on the ground, and bade the Cavalier defend himself. I then first saw that the man before me was Abdallah; but the change of the Moorish dress for the Italian, and the greater fairness of his complexion, might have perplexed me still, but for his words. He told the Count that he had been the betrothed husband of the Lady Angela, long before she had arrived in Cesano, and implored of him not to suffer himself to think lightly of either him or the noble lady.—The Count indignantly bade him take up the pistol, or be branded as a poltroon for life. He laid the swooning Countess on the ground: the pistol was taken up, and they fired together; the Cavalier into the air, the Count with a deadly aim. His antagonist dropped instantly; and, after a few imperfect words, breathed his last. I raised the Countess, and she recovered; but it was only to fall into new agonies at the sight of the dead. Then came a story, which she poured out with tears and sobs of bitter sorrow, that gave the Count a dreadful lesson of the rashness of relying on hasty appearances. 'On that spot,' said she, 'lies the lord of my heart, my betrothed husband: I thought him dead; I had seen him, as I thought, destroyed in the burning frigate. But he was to have another death: he was to die by the hand of caprice, of idle jealousy, of fierce and foul revenge. He had been found floating at sea, was saved, and carried into captivity by a Barbary corsair. He returned, and found me forgetful of my love and pledge to him, and giving a cold but faithful obedience to another. In the dress of the Moor he made his unsuspected way into the palace, and indulged his anguish with the bitter pleasure of haunting my footsteps. At length his disguise was, to me, a disguise no more, and I insisted on his instantly leaving the roof of my wedded lord. He implored me to suffer him to live and die, where he might, at least, be near the being who could now be his no more. I was resolved, and commanded him to be gone. On this very evening he was to obey my command; and, from this spot, Julio Visconti was to have departed for the service of Austria, never to return while the wretch who had blasted his happiness and her own was in being.'

'Misery kills some hearts by a sudden blow, others it kills by a slow poison. The Countess returned to her palace, which, from that hour she never left, except to visit the convent, or to go round the cottages of the sick in the vicinage.—The Count, doing justice to her honour, but overwhelmed with regret, plunged into active life, added to his glory by the command of a body of troops in the Piedmontaise campaigns, and rose to the highest rank of soldierly fame. But life had long lost its interest for him, and he was never known to smile. At the storming of the Col-di-Tende, he three times attacked the troops of the French king, and was repulsed, alike from the nature of the ground and the bravery of the enemy. The fourth attack he led in person. The impetuosity of the Piedmontaise, headed by their favourite general, was irresistible: the pass was stormed, and the crown of the hill seized. As the Count fixed the banner of Savoy on the height, he received a ball and was struck down: the standard fell over him, and made the true pall for a hero.—He would not suffer it to be removed: the wound was pronounced mortal; and on the crown of the Alp, the scene of his triumph, his life ebbed quietly away before the hour was over. Just as he was dying, he inquired the day and hour; and, on being told, he expressed himself thankful for two things,—that he was permitted to die in victory, and, not less, that his death would be fixed for the day and hour, when, in rashness and revenge, he had the misfortune to inflict death upon his brave and innocent friend.

'By a sympathy, which is still talked of as something supernatural, on that very evening the Countess, at the distance of five hundred miles, told her attendants that, before night, some remarkable good fortune should happen to her. And it happened. She had gone to the convent chapel to offer up her devotions: she remained longer than usual; her attendants entered, and found her stretched upon Julio's tomb. She had died; at the same hour with her noble husband, and just five years from the death of her lover,—five years of sorrow, but of holy thoughts, charity, and forgiveness of mankind. The palace remained for a while inhabited only by attendants; but strange stories began to spread about other inhabitants. It was said that the dead were seen, from time to time, wandering in the places in which they had felt and suffered so much during life: the Count still stately, and bearing in his countenance a lofty sorrow; the Countess, alternately weeping, and singing those sad yet holy songs which were so often heard from her chamber in the days of her solitude; and Julio, still noble and handsome as ever, in his turban and caftan.—They were seen sometimes alone, but oftener together; and the belief of the time was, that they were at peace with each other, and with Heaven. But the people dreaded to approach the palazzo, and it went to ruin, untouched, as you see.'

For the Saturday Evening Post.

TO MISS M. Y.

It is not that thy face is fair,
And Beauty's sweetest smiles are there;
It is not that thy cheeks disclose
A blush that might adorn the rose;
It is not that thine eyes of blue
Are bright and mild as morning dew;
It is not that from off thy lip
The bee might richest honey sip;
It is not that thy snowy breast
Might lull the aching head to rest;
It is not that thy auburn hair
In sportive ringlets waves the air;
It is not that thy graces move
Thy actions with the force of love;
It is not these, for though they be
Worthy the heart's idolatry;
I love you not because of them,
For you have still a richer gem;
'Tis *mind*—and when those charms decay,
That gem will shine with brighter ray. R.

SWISS COTTAGE—LAVEY.

Near the town of St. Maurice, on the road to Martigny, stands the small sequestered hamlet of Lavey. If the taste of the traveller lead him to enjoy the quiet and unobtrusive beauties of village scenery, he will not fail to recognize this spot with delight. An appearance of delicious calmness, of deeply harmonized repose, pervades this enchanting retreat, and is in admirable keeping with the tranquil hour of evening, and the modified beauty of the whole scenery around.

The habitations likewise bear an appearance so perfectly primitive that one might, with reason, believe their architecture had known no alteration since the time when houses were constructed with no other earthly view than that of shelter. Yet, although we entirely acquit the rustic architect of any variety in the design, a Swiss cottage is an exceedingly picturesque object. The heavy projecting roof, independent of all rule or order, but constructed solely as a defence from the weather; the staircases and communications to the interior, which are all from without; the staircases themselves, with their massy balustrades, containing as much timber as would build a moderate-sized house, and the air of rude but substantial comfort which pervades many of these dwellings, harmonize with the rural scenery, and by no means make us regret the absence of more stately mansions.

Indeed, whether it be from a sort of prejudice, or that the eye becomes accustomed to these irregular habitations, any other building would appear strangely out of place; and however such an improvement, or rather change, might argue a step in civilization, it would certainly destroy one of the most picturesque features of the country.

PAST—PRESENT—FUTURE.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

The time when I play'd with the king-cup flowers,
Those golden gifts of summer hours;
The time when I danced o'er the purple heath,
And scarcely felt the earth beneath;
And smilingly look'd to the sky above,
That spread o'er me in cloudless love;
When my step was light as the roving wind,
That kiss'd the flowers in my tresses twined;
When my eyes, undimm'd by a dark tear, shone:—
That blessed time is gone—is gone.

The time when I loved to sit at noon,
And hearken to the wood-bird's tone;
When the flowers and leaves upon each tree
Were more than flowers and leaves to me;
When my spirit in fancy floated along,
And around my heart was a dream of song;
The time when I lay by the river's side,
That had words for me in its murmuring tide;
When my life, like the waves of that stream, went on,
Bright, pure, and sparkling,—is gone—is gone.

And the hours of darkness and days of gloom,
That shadow and shut out joy, are come:
And there's a mist on the laughing sky;
And the flowers and leaves are naught to me;
And on my brow are furrows left,
And my lip of rose and smile is reft;
And the time of grey hairs and trembling limbs,
And the time when sorrow the bright eye dims,
And the time when death seems nought to fear,—
So sad is life,—is here—is here.

But the time when the quiet grave shall be
A haven, a resting-place for me;
When the strong ties of earth are wrench'd,
And the burning fever of life is quench'd;
When the spirit shall leave its mortal mould,
And face to face its God behold;
When around it joy and gladness shall flow
Purer than ever it felt below;
When heaven shall be for ever its home,—
Oh, the holiest time is still to come!

—Sunday Reading.—

TO DEATH.

BY MISS CAROLINE BOWLES.

Come not in terrors clad, to claim
An unresisting prey;
Come like an evening shadow, Death!
So stealthily! so silently!
And shut mine eyes, and steal my breath;
Then willingly—oh! willingly
With thee I'll go away.

What need to clutch with iron grasp,
What gentlest touch may take?
What need with aspect dark to scare?
So awfully! so terribly!
The weary soul would hardly care,—
Call'd quietly—call'd tenderly,—
From thy dread power to break!

'Tis not as when thou markest out
The young, the gay, the blest,
The loved, the loving,—they who dream
So happily! so hopefully!
Then harsh thy kindest call may seem,
And shrinkingly—reluctantly
The summon'd may obey.

But I have drunk enough of life,
(The cup assign'd to me,
Dash'd with a little sweet at best,
So scantily! so scantily!)
To know full well that all the rest,
More bitterly—more bitterly
Drugg'd to the last will be.

And I may live to pain some heart
That kindly cares for me,—
To pain, but not to bless. O Death!
Come quietly—come lovingly,
And shut my eyes, and steal my breath;
Then willingly—oh! willingly
With thee I'll go away!

THE SABBATH.

AN EXTRACT.

"Our religion points out to us one periodical season of retired meditation, when, by the convention of society, the world will leave us, if we do not court its presence. I refer to the Sabbath, which, as itself, serves to summon us to thoughtfulness, and which, if men regard only their intellectual improvement, would be devoted to the sober review of human life. It is a happy break in the galling chain of the world's custom. The mind may pause, and the heart recover itself. The peace of Sabbath retirement forms the best part of the happiest lives. They may be congratulated whose pious education has established such an association of ideas with the day, that it never returns without bringing with it feelings, imaginations and hopes of a higher than earthly origin. Let them preserve this sanctification, not so much of the Sabbath, as of their own minds. Let them resist the encroaching spirit of the world, which would invade and grasp this sacred portion of time. Let them not be a party to the breach of what, in allusion to an institution of our ancestors, we must denominate the truce of God. When secular interests and anxieties come near the day, let them say, as the patriarch said to his servants, 'Abide ye here, and I will go yonder and worship.' They need not fear superstition; they are safe if they keep themselves from worldly mindedness. They may be told that every day is alike holy; but let them reflect, though this is a plain Christian doctrine, it is true only in a sense in which some that are the most forward to assert, are the slowest to com- [illegible] a mind formed in the image of Him to whose memory the day is devoted, every day is a Sabbath."

Teach me, O Lord! from the beauties of nature, to learn the beauties of grace. Every returning morning reminds me what a mercy it is I am still alive: and have peace and time given me to repent and believe. Take my heart, O God! into thy keeping, and then it will be safe. If it be thy good pleasure to rescue me from temporal perplexity, let my gratitude appear; if not, let it be ground for submission and patient resignation. With thee, I cannot do ill; without thee, I cannot do well.

What are the natural powers of sinful man to work out the righteousness of God? To the spirit of Christ [illegible] be all honour, glory, and praise in all the churches, now and evermore.

THE LADIES' FRIEND.

AMUSING TRIAL.

PARIS TRIBUNAL OF CORRECTIONAL POLICE.

This tribunal was, on Saturday, occupied with a case which afforded infinite mirth to a crowded audience, and in which the bar, and even the bench, frequently participated. Connubial disappointments furnished the grounds of the mirth creating prosecution. Mme. Nanteuil, alias Dujardin, alias Lejeune, as principal, and M. Petigny, in the quality of her accomplice, were indicted for fraud, for obtaining money under false pretences, under circumstances which we shall briefly detail. The indictment set forth the following advertisements, published in various journals of Paris. The disinterested character of the first will touch every heart:—

'A young lady, aged 23, an only daughter, gentle, well-bred, accomplished, and having a dowry of 200,000f. is desirous of forming a union with a gentleman whose character and education will compensate his want of fortune.'

The next is slightly aristocratic.—

'A widow lady, aged 26, handsome, well educated, without children and having an income of 10,000 francs a year, will be glad to unite herself to a gentleman who is not in trade.'

The third is nearly irresistible;—

'A pretty widow, aged 28, without children, possessing a fortune of 20,000 francs a year, is desirous of marrying a gentleman who is willing to go abroad, she herself being fond of travelling.'

The two succeeding ones for gentlemen of a certain age must have been as balm of Gilead.

'A widow, aged 40, handsome, having no children and in possession of real property producing 30,000 francs per annum wishes to be united to a gentleman equally well educated as herself, who is not in trade. His fortune will be no consideration.'

'A widow, aged 40, handsome and *bien conservee*, having just married her daughter, and being left alone, with property to the amount of 45,000 francs a year, will be glad to form a union with a gentleman who will consent to reside at her chateau, which is situated thirty leagues from Paris.'

The concluding one is the *bonne bouche*.

'A Marchioness, who has attained her 50th year, and possesses an income of 60,000 francs per annum, is desirous of uniting herself to a gentleman of honor, whose good qualities will supply his want of fortune.'

The first witness called was M. Wrimski, a Polish refugee, who having a particular taste for a chateau 30 leagues from Paris and 45,000 francs a year, proposed for the widow of forty. The candidate was represented not only as a man of high honor, but moreover a poet, in proof of which he indicted some verses in compliment to the fair *proprietaire*.

Mme. Nanteuil, who has a taste in these matters, admired them even to envy, and hinted a wish that 'Heaven had made *her* such a poet,' but nevertheless promised to deliver them to the widow, requiring, however, a trifle of 50 francs for inserting the lover's name in her conjugal register, and a farther sum of 40 francs for incidental expenses, which was readily paid. Who would be thrifty with such prospects before him? Ere long, however, the disenchanted Wrimski received the mortifying intelligence that his suit had failed, the gentle widow, with the chateau, etc. etc.; having unfortunately an aversion to politics, which she was afraid of being led into by a union with our too ardent Pole—unhappy Wrimski.

Next appeared a sturdy boot maker from the Eure, whose rash ambition inspired him with the thought of obtaining the hand of the noble marchioness and her 60,000 francs a year. He came to Paris and gave the prisoner 30 francs as a retaining fee, and 50 francs towards expenses. On being asked by the President whether he really expected to become the husband of a Marchioness, Lapstone modestly declared he saw nothing unreasonable in such an expectation, and moreover that Mme. Nanteuil promised, should she fail with the noble lady, to procure him the widow of a wealthy glazier. He failed, however, in both, being too young for the Marchioness, and too old for the widow of the defunct glazier.

The boot maker was succeeded in the witness box, by a gallant son of Mars, a portly gendarme, aged 30, and wearing a decoration. He had also aspired to the Marchioness, and wrote his pretensions to Mme. Nanteuil from Nantes, remitting the stipulated 40 francs, and expressing his perfect readiness to *travel* with his intended spouse to any part of the world. Not many days elapsed before he received an answer, that Madame, the Marchioness, was the widow of a general, and had taken a distaste to the military profession, she therefore declined his offer. On being questioned by the President how he came to think of succeeding to the place of a general, the bold gendarme, drawing himself up to his full height, answered why not? adding the general was on the retired list. (A roar of laughter.)

M. Lerauyd de Briblet was next introduced, and announced himself as an *Agent d'Affaires*. He was what is termed a *bel homme*, six feet high and of an expressive countenance. More reasonable than the foregoing, Monsieur de B. had contented himself with seeking the young lady at 23, with the trifle of 200,000 francs. More favored than the rest, he was introduced to his wished for bride under the name of Mlle. de Joigny; but at last broke off, because, as he was told, the father refused to give his consent, or even to see the suitor. This negotiation cost the man of business 100 francs.

The President recollecting that among the documents before him the name of Mme. Joigny, a widow, had occurred, asked the prisoner if she was indentical with the demoiselle introduced to the witness, to which Mme. Nanteuil replied that a widow and a demoiselle could never be the same person. She insisted that the young lady was actually in existence, but that pledges of secrecy would not admit of any further explanation. An altercation ensued between M. de Briblet, and Mme. Nanteuil on the subject of the 100 francs and of the pretended cause of his dismissal. 'And my 100 francs,' said the man of business. 'It has been paid back,' returned the lady. 'False,' retorts the gentleman. 'Besides,' rejoined Mme. Nanteuil, 'you used dissimulation in not mentioning your false *toupet*. Miss de Joigny has a horror of wigs.' 'False,' cried the witness. 'Yes, a false toupet,' said the prisoner cooly. 'A pretext,' answered the witness, at the same time looking daggers.

To M. de Briblet succeeded M. Picot, newly arrived from the province of the inimitable M. de Pourceaunac, to pour his complaints into the bosom of justice. He had also been caught by the seductive baits of M. de Nanteuil. Relying upon his twenty seven years and his meridianal ardor, he readily advanced 100 francs to be placed in correspondence with one of the lively widows, and commenced a warm siege through the medium of the prisoner. An interchange of amorous epistles ensued, but, oh! the vanity of all human wishes! M. Picot soon received a letter autographical from Mme. Nanteuil, with a lugubrious black border, announcing the sudden death of the charming widow from a violent cold. To this M. Picot replied in terms of the deepest despair for her loss. In a postcript, however, he seeks consolation by inquiring whether Mme. Nanteuil could not procure him another upon whom he might place his wounded affections.

The kind offices of Mme. Nanteuil were not confined to France, but extended to foreign parts, and to the list of her dupes may be added the name of a worthy citizen of Bruges, named Van der Meulen, with whom she played the same delusive game as with the last witness, M. Picot, having for a time kept up an intercourse by letter, and at length closing it by informing him that his epistolary inamorata had been suddenly carried off while on a journey into the country, not by a rival suitor, but by a violent fever, which seized her at a retired village, where no gifted son of Esculapius was at hand to rescue her from the grasp of the universal tyrant.

The papers laid before the court showed, at least, 150 similar pretended negotiations, not one of which had succeeded. Many of the parties were too much ashamed of their folly to make their appearance. Among these the causes of rejection were various. Messrs. Patent, Rousseau, and Serin, (the latter name occasioned bursts of laughter,) were rejected as being too old; whereas, Paquet, Fortain, Cathelieu, and Andivi, failed by being too young. Among the disappointed was a M. Joly, Professor at the College of Montpeilier, who expressed, in the most pathetic epistles, his flame for a young widow of 28, a marchioness, whom he had never seen, nor never could see. A. M. Desmarets gave the most circumstantial details of his genealogy. Alas! that ruined his cause!—there happened to be some *employes* in his family, the aristocratic notions of the marquise could not brook the idea. M. Oran, a commercial traveller, declared, by letter, that, though still a fine man, it was indifferent to him whether he married a woman of 50 or 55 years, provided she brought an equal number of thousands per annum.

The following circumstance occasioned much laughter:—After referring to a correspondence between Mme. Nanteuil and M. Bouquier, a learned advocate at Tarascon, announcing that his future bride was on the point of setting out for the country with her aunt, in order to afford him an interview, he replied, with the utmost trepidation,' For God's sake delay their departure, for I am not yet out of mourning for my first wife.' The President asked the prisoner whether it was in her power to prove to the Court that she had been the means of effecting a marriage for any one of her numerous clients. Mme. Nanteuil was about to reply, when her counsel, M. Hardy, interfered, and recommended her to submit to imprisonment and all its consequences rather than compromise her clients, and expose whole families by her disclosures. To this advice Mme. de Nanteuil submitted, and was silent.

The complicity of the other prisoner, Petigny, was established by his having taken, in his own name, the office in which this lucrative traffic was carried on, and having been the clerk and scribe of all the operations.

The evidence being closed, the Avocat du Roi maintained that the frauds were fully proved, and the court, notwithstanding an able and ingenious defence from M. Hardy, condemned both the prisoners to imprisonment for thirteen months, to pay each a fine of 1,000f. and the cost of the prosecution, in solitude, and also adjudged Mme. Nanteuil to pay back 100f. to M. Wrimski, the Pole, who, it appears, was the only one who came forward to make a claim as partie civile.

DUTIES OF BROTHERS AND SISRERS.

It is the duty of brothers and sisters to sympathise tenderly with each other. Providence hath so framed the human heart, that it requires the aid and rejoices in the comforts of sympathy. The grief which we cannot reveal to others, and the pain which we suffer alone, prey upon us with peculiar severity. It is in the assiduous performance of the offices of sympathy, that God has provided relief for us under the various ills of life, and this wise and gracious appointment, so friendly to our comfort and improvement, should induce us to submit without repining to the sorrows of our lot.

We are bound to show pity to a stranger's sorrows, and more strongly is this required from us to a brother or a sister in affliction. How soothing to a sufferer's heart are the ministrations of a sister, and the word spoken by a brother in season; and how different are the feelings which are excited by the cold inquiries of a neighbour, and the anxious questions of affectionate relatives, eager to know his uneasiness, that it may be relieved!—Many sacrifices may be required from us in the exercise of this sympathy; and in order to our prompt and steady discharge of this duty, we must cultivate the spirit of self-denial. If attendance on sick relatives requires from us sleepless nights, we must be willing to watch beside them. If despondency of mind, and gloomy forebodings of future evils, require the frequent and patient applications of the promises of religion, we must exhibit those to them without weariness; nor should we fret that, by attending on them, we are debarred from gratifications in which we have been accustomed to indulge.

Some have acted a very base part to their sick relations. They have left a sick brother or sister to go to scenes of amusement. And could they be happy there? Did the pale face of the sick never rise before their minds amid cheeks flushed with pleasure? Did their sighs never reach their ear amid "the voice of singing men and singing women?" Yes, they have; and the heart has cursed the persuasion that led them away from their duty, and their own facility in yielding to it; and they have hurried back to their home under the torturing apprehensions that some fatal crisis may have taken place in their absence. If there are hearts which can enjoy the scene of gaiety while distress demands their presence at home, let them know, that if conscience is now silent, it will not be always so; and that, though a sick relative may disdain to upbraid them for their unkindness, it is deeply felt. The very silence of a such sufferer, and his feeble efforts to render his position comfortable, and to mitigate his pain, are more intolerable than the severest reproach. Such unkindness is generally punished by the solitary anguish of the selfish in the day of their calamity.—On the other hand, the heart of a brother swells with gratitude, when for his sake the invitation to mingle in the scene of gaiety is declined, and when our conduct says that we could not be at rest from his side.

Some know a bitterness of the heart which cannot be told to the world, and which, if not disclosed to friends, and alleviated by their sympathy, will impair the health, and may destroy reason. Encourage them to pour out their complaint, and let wisdom and kindness suggest such counsels as are likely to give them relief. It is unwise to make light of their anguish, for this will lead them to imagine that you are selfish and unfeeling. At the same time endeavour to keep them from aggravating their sorrows, by unreasonable fears or causeless gloom; let them see that you are willing [illegible]

Saturday Evening Post.

JULY 15, 1837.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We have received a number of replies to the arithmetical question, propounded some weeks since. Every one of them wrong—we are obliged nevertheless.

Our fair correspondent at Valley Forge, will not be offended if we exercise the permission granted us, as far as regards length. We recommend her to try a prose sketch, and promise its success.

X. requires emendation.

A critical article signed S. has merit. It is however anonymous and of course rejected.

We accept part of the communication of J. B. J. H.

Zelin we cannot oblige.

The translation from Anacreon has merit, but is too correct for publication. All matters must be communicated to the publisher.

Z. is a production of great merit—in its essence, we shall not insist upon our rule in these cases.

We are indebted to W. G. of Harrisburg—for the length of the article is our only reason for declining it. It shall insert part.

E. C. J. will see why his article is rejected by reading the preceding notices.

Conversation.

It will be seen the Convention has determined to adjourn from Friday July 21st, to the 17th of October ensuing. This settles the question, that the Constitution, as amended, cannot be submitted to the people at the approaching general election; although a powerful effort to this end was made by the advocates of judicious Reform.— Our correspondent informs us by agreeable letter that the citizens of Saturday are not a bitter and highly personal character. As, however, we think no good can grow out of the publication of the various epithets that were made use of, we refrain from giving them utterance in our columns. The amendments that have been proposed thus far, should, as it strikes us, have been submitted to the People at once. Indeed, had not the Radicals contented for so much, and opposed every thing like salutary Reform, all the amendments would have been in readiness by October. Upon their heads, therefore will rest the responsibility.—*Inq.*

A Great Work.—Having heard that a large Tunnel was in process of construction at Black Rock near Pensenville, Chester county, for the Philadelphia and Reading Rail Road, I felt a strong curiosity to examine it, and supposing that many of your readers are not familiar with such works, I send you the following account of the achievement of the sri and labor of man.

The Tunnel is about two thousand feet in length, nineteen feet wide, and seventeen feet high, the whole distance is solid stone where rock, in some parts impregnated by iron. Some specimens are exceedingly rare, and free of difficult excavation.

The mode of operation chosen by Moncure Robinson, Esq. chief Engineer, and Wirt Robinson, Esq. resident Engineer, has been by sinking six shafts to the level of the Tunnel, at regular distances from each other, from these the Tunnel has been excavated at each direction and also from the two ends.

In commencing the tunnel, at the ends, deep excavations of rock have been made.

I learned from the enterprising contractor James Appleton, Esq. that the process of tunneling was commenced by him in April of last year, and in this short space of time, by unprecedented exertion in collecting and employing employed a large force of from three to four hundred men, an opening was made through the entire Tunnel on the 7th instant. A work of such magnitude I think has seldom been accomplished by such man with equal despatch. System, order, and energy, pervade every part of the work, and the roar of exploding powder, and rending rock, is incessantly heard day and night.

I entered beneath the vaulted rock with feelings of admiration and awe. The roof is excavated in a handsome arch, and the sides, from no many points, each part has been correctly and when finished will form a beautiful wall. The exactness of execution reflects great honor on the skill of the Engineers and Contractor.

I took pleasure in examining a variety of minerals found in the excavation, but I doubt not some of our eminent mineralogists will certainly examine that vast excavation and rock, and favor the world with the discoveries they may make. I therefore leave those subjects with them.

One thing I would say, our citizens cannot visit during the summer a more noble sight, nor a easier spot, and but 35 miles from the city.—*C. S. Gazette.*

The United States Bank has declared a dividend of four per cent. for the last six months. Its stock now sells for 107, dividend of equal to 113 a week ago, and more than equal if we take specie as the standard. We learn vaguely from various quarters, that Mr. Biddle and his financial associates in the Directory have triumphed over the mercantile interest in procuring a vote for the resumption of specie payments at an early day, the first of August is named. This report has contributed to arrest the depression of Bank property, or in other words to reduce the premium on specie.

There part of the story which we do not relish viz. that the Bank intends to make a discrimination between its new and old paper, and pay specie at once for that only which has been issued under its Pennsylvania charter— Now if the Bank is able to resume specie payment on the 1st of August, we say it is its positive duty to do so, and we shall judge of its motives by its effort to break half the Banks and business men of the country. Agent Mail is broke he but able really to resume, and adopts the alternative of technically resuming above indicated, in order to preserve its credit, which would be forfeited by a suspension of more than ninety days, we may consider ourselves justified by the necessities of the case—and if Mr. Biddle should actually go into operation of such a partial resumption on his own part, to enforce a general resumption of specie payments and a return to the constitutional system of currency discredit and refuse all paper but that of specie-paying Banks—he will be held to gather a responsible into trouble instead of escaping from it. To all practical intents and purposes, the paper of the said Bank is that of the new, and must be honored as such. Until we learn positively otherwise, we shall believe the Mammoth will do no such stupid thing as has been indicated. We await further developments.—*Saturday Courier.*

Office of the True American. }
New Orleans June 23.

Monday night last was marked by some of the most atrocious acts that the long catalogue of crime possesses. Two dobberate and cool blooded murders, and a terrible conflict at a gambling house in the course of an hour.

In first unsatisfactory one of the night guard, a Frenchman named Miole, was most barbarously butchered by some ruffian who must have meditated for some time, and who, from all that appears had the sufferer was shot by a gun not by a cowardly stroke of the knife. Miole would have gone home for his wages of blood. We regret to say the wretch has hitherto escaped detection.

In the second assassination, the circumstance of cruel and cool murder was perpetrated, for the same motive, on the person of a Mr. Miller or Muller. The murderer met his victim near the junction of Phillippo and Dryades streets, and upbraiding him with some domestic injury the other had done him, told the man he would instantly shoot him, so runs the tale— The other begged hard for his life, but finding that he could not by entreaty, he was shot through the body. Several persons are said to have been near at the time of the deed, or came up on the instant of its fulfilment, and saw the ruffian make head—but the fame the deed of the murderer had escaped. As yet he has eluded pursuit, but we hope for the credit of our municipality he will not long remain undiscovered, as a watchman near the new canal, was also nearly killed by a attacks of many infuriated people.

Ohio Loan.—The Canal loan of the State of Ohio, offered by the Commissioners, is filled at 5 per cent stocks, redeemable in 1856, with interest commencing from July 1st. Messrs. Prime, Ward, King & Co. at a premium of $12 57 per cent., or $112 57 money for $100 in stock. The investment will nett about 4 3-4 per cent. interest per annum.

Bank Notes.—In the payment of her interest money lately took care to do all which could possibly be demanded. She paid in specie or rather added the premium on specie to the payment, giving $100 in bank bills for 100 coupons. There is no trouble about the physical or moral resources of the Queen of the West.—*U. S. Gaz.*

At New Haven, says the Herald, just as the orator was pronouncing the beautiful quotation—

"Mi inedesm's not beneath our bet,

And freedom's banner waving o'er us,"

a slight gust of wind snapped the new flag-staff in two, on the centre of the green, and brought the banner to the ground.

Mr. Editor—The following occurrence may amuse you, and if you think so will have the same effect on your readers in these dull times, let them have it.

In the Intelligencer there has appeared a communication from Samuel Harrison Smith, of Washington, on the deranged state of the Currency. Editors of the Intelligencer there speak of the author: "It proceeds from the pen of one who, from the period of his connexion with the Treasury Department as Commissioner of the Revenue, down to the present day, down to a recent period, has been closely engaged in occupations which have made him familiar with the whole subject on which he now addresses his fellow citizens."— Mr. Smith's plan to restore the currency, is substantially the following:

1. A loan, to be opened by the United States, for fifty millions of dollars, payable in specie, at one prescribed time.

2. All the solvent solvent banks, in the ratio of their capitals paid in, to have in the first instance the preference of subscribing, and in case such subscriptions do not amount to fifty millions, any of the banks having ability to be authorized to make further subscriptions.

3. If this amount shall not be made up by the banks, resort to be had to foreign loans by the United States to be authorized to make up the deficiency, and any deficiency then remaining, to be supplied by the subscriptions of foreigners.

4. Each bank so subscribing to receive from the Government promissory obligations payable on demand in specie to bearer, in sums of ra-tionable denominations, to be called *Treasury Change*. The general burst of laughter followed this exclamation, nor would the gravest editor, himself, refrain, when beholding the havoc he had made, for the broken eggs were now streaming from the table, and his hungry *currency* most viciously destroying the delicious food. His story was short—he had gone to purchase eggs for his companion; a five dollar note was the smallest he had, the man could get no change, so he presented his bill, the woodman told him he had no other change than a liter of pups, but promising to be taken from the slut or the dog, which had afforded us so much amusement at "what's his name," said one, he had not heard of. An old negro, privileged alone from his age, and the length of his beard, to be present at the feast stood in one corner enjoying the scene, and when no response was given to "what's his name," said (very respectfully though) "pose massa, call him Treasury Note, for he cheat." The suggestion was adopted, and the miserable cur will go thus stigmatized to his grave.—*N. Y. Sun.*

UNITED STATES BANK.

Paragraphs are going the rounds of the papers, stating that the United States Bank is about to resume specie payments. There can be no foundation for such a statement, neither can there be any cause for the Bank to adopt, unless it is done with other institutions making the resumption a general movement, and as far as we can learn no such movement is in contemplation.

That they shall pay their notes and deposites in specie or Government obligations, in the manner and, at the time they may be required to do.

That at the expiration of their charters, or on the dissolution of the Bank, they receive remittances of their additional subscriptions in the Government obligations which they may hold.

That they shall abstain, after the plan goes into operation, or after a prescribed time, from the issue of any bills of a less denomination than those already issued, that they may receive on loan no smaller sum than fifty dollars.

That they shall render to the Government a monthly account of their affairs.

6. That the like provisions shall be applied to such banks as already have been incorporated, and the loan of specie be augmented under prescribed modifications and limitations.

Mr. Peel has not yet declared the existence, after a prescribed time, be subject to a stamp duty of 1 per cent. on the value of such accounts.

That in case of subscriptions made by individuals, specie shall be paid to the Government, either to the same amount as the proportion of bank subscriptions, or to such as may be deemed prudent; or, what may be better, that the loan be chosen of such a form as to be a public notice, shall offer the best terms.

That the specie received on the loans shall be placed in the custody of, and under the direction of the Government Directors, and that they shall receive adequate compensation, and shall be so selected as to secure the highest respectability and integrity. But it is not to be subject to departmental or other smaller influence as to secure the Government from abuse.

They shall also be charged with the fabrication of the Treasury Change, and the issue of the above promissory obligations of the United States.

10. The promissory obligations of the United States shall be paid in specie on demand; and they shall be received in payment of all taxes or public dues, and be given in discharge of all debts due to the United States.

11. In case an exigency should arise—which God forbid—when the specie in the vaults of the Bank should not be more enough to pay the obligations demanded, Congress, or the President in their recess, may suspend the payment of specie temporarily: but in case such an event, and while the suspension endures, the holder of such obligations may fund the same in stock of the United States bearing an annual interest of six per centum, redeemable at the pleasure of the United States.

12. The commissioners shall be empowered, from time to time, to exchange the United States Treasury obligations for specie, in such a way and process so that any one may exchange specie for them from the public vaults, at the rate of one per cent.

13. The account of the United States obligations to be fixed by Congress.—*Vol Gaz.*

NEW ORLEANS, July 9, 1837.

Mexico.—Papers and letters from the city of Mexico to the 16th ult. have been received. The Watch, bring further details of the signal victories obtained by the troops of government over the insurgents, and the complete restoration of order and quiet. The Federal system is entirely dispersed or subdued; and the Centralists have reduced to submission the States of Vera Cruz, which was revolutionized by the federalists.

The eternal and despotic administration of Bustamente is passing away, but not without the infliction of the smoke in various sections of that military and aristocratical republic, is evident from the following extract from a letter from the attorney was N. Blunt, Esq. and the Counsel for the defendant W. P. Hawes, Esq.

"Gen. Santa Anna is at Jalapa.—I was with a party of gentlemen, including the defendant, to see him. He received us very politely, and with tact. The defendant called for a woodcock shot, and Santa Anna sent for one. It was not there time, and I saw one of them in the defendant's hand, which was not in plates—I saw him actually devour it.

Cross-examined by Mr. Hawes.—In each sure there was a woodcock in a bird.

Mr. Wilson.—I was not aware that any difference had arisen between them—I can see no reason why there should.

Mr. Hawes. Come, sir, none of your innuendoes—you will answer them as they are put, you will extract them all before I am half done with you. Now, sir, you were on the coast, and I should think you can have no objection to give information. Ask you what is the difference between a woodcock and a bird? Is there not the first half of their names being alike?

Witness.—I have already observed that the chief distinction is in the pocket. The court must perceive that the bird has a much greater pocket than the woodcock. In answer to the most prominent distinction.—In answer to the question, what is the difference between a woodcock and a bird? Is there not the first half of their names being alike?

Mr. Hawes.—Then I understand that the chief distinction is in the pocket. The court must perceive that the bird has a much greater pocket than the woodcock. In answer to the most prominent distinction.—In answer to the question, what is the difference between a woodcock and a bird? Is there not the first half of their names being alike?

Witness.—I have already observed that the chief distinction is in the pocket. The court must perceive that the bird has a much greater pocket than the woodcock. In answer to the most prominent distinction.—In answer to the question, what is the difference between a woodcock and a bird? Is there not the first half of their names being alike?

The Mexican papers contains the treaty concluded at Madrid, on the 26th December last, between Spain and Mexico, by which the former treats, and the Mexican Plenipotentiary, basis of the treaty of the acknowledgment of the independence of Mexico, and the renewal of friendly and commercial relations between the two countries.

The Mexican Congress passed, on the ——— which is confided to the true Mexican style. Santa Anna is invested with the title of Hero, and empowered to enter into negotiations with the insurgent States of Texas, and authorized to bring to a friendly adjustment the difficulties pending between the two countries; without, however, compromising the honor, the independence, and the national honor, and should the endeavors of the Executive to that end be crowned with success, the President is equally empowered to enter into such treaties as may be necessary for the commerce with the ports of the United States.

INTERESTING FROM TEXAS.

It gives us pleasure to publish a Galveston Bee of a late date, to inform persons having friends in Texas, or those interested in that new country, that the Land Office is open for the transactions for the establishment of a Post Office Department, and that Mr. Burr, one of the clerks of well known abilities, is appointed Post Master General. He has already set on foot and throughout the interior of Texas, without the delay which despatches were formerly subject to, and the Texian Post Office is now fairly established. Letters will despatches every improvement in the mail service, which is so necessary to a country possessing a climate so mild and healthy, and a soil so rich and fertile.

The Bee says that the Texian Navy is in a fine state of business with Sandy Welsh, and serves up wonderous, but owns his house no longer. Sandy Welsh, it is said, has the satisfaction that the woodcocks might be saved until the Congress of the United States, when they will possess in a few years.

The Bee says, a person of genteel appearance arrived at the Galveston Commercial House at the Washington Hotel, and about one o'clock P. M. stepping the chamber doors of the lodgers, some of which were ladies, were lighted to a vacant chamber, took the keys of a trunk from under the pillow of the bed of one of the ladies, and opened the trunk and took several hundred dollars, together with a gold watch and jewelry. He robbed them proceeded to another room, and carried off the contents of a pocket book, and after trying several rooms, succeeded in the bar-room, and asked the porter if he could procure him some liquor, which request being suddenly taken ill. The porter ran to open the front door, while he procured some liquor, and on returning found the man gone, the gentleman very coolly walked out with the "specie." He is supposed to be an old and expert thief.

A Dreadful Accident occurred at the North-ampton Woollen Factory on the Fourth. An artillery piece had been discharged a number of times, when suddenly the keg containing the powder exploded to the hands of an individual; the cause of the explosion cannot accurately be ascertained, but it is thought fire was communicated by a piece of wadding. There were twenty or thirty persons near by at the moment and twelve were more or less injured and killed—two or three of them dangerously—but on the left name had died. We had a monitory lesson again, shockingly enforced, to be sensitive to the use of powder!

A large portion of the National Intelligencer of Saturday is filled with a communication from Samuel Harrison Smith, of Washington, on the deranged state of the Currency. Editors of the Intelligencer there speak of the author: "It proceeds from the pen of one who, from the period of his connexion with the Treasury Department as Commissioner of the Revenue, down to a recent period, has been closely engaged in occupations which have made him familiar with the whole subject on which he now addresses his fellow citizens."— Mr. Smith's plan to restore the currency, is substantially the following:

1. A loan, to be opened by the United States, for fifty millions of dollars, payable in specie, at one prescribed time.

2. All the solvent solvent banks, in the ratio of their capitals paid in, to have in the first instance the preference of subscribing, and in case such subscriptions do not amount to fifty millions, any of the banks having ability to be authorized to make further subscriptions.

3. If this amount shall not be made up by the banks, resort to be had to foreign loans by the United States to be authorized to make up the deficiency, and any deficiency then remaining, to be supplied by the subscriptions of foreigners.

4. Each bank so subscribing to receive from the Government promissory obligations payable on demand in specie to bearer, in sums of rationable denominations, to be called *Treasury Change*. The general burst of laughter followed this exclamation, nor would the gravest editor, himself, refrain, when beholding the havoc he had made, for the broken eggs were now streaming from the table, and his hungry *currency* most viciously destroying the delicious food. His story was short—he had gone to purchase eggs for his companion; a five dollar note was the smallest he had, the man could get no change, so he presented his bill, the woodman told him he had no other change than a liter of pups, but promising to be taken from the slut or the dog, which had afforded us so much amusement at "what's his name," said one, he had not heard of. An old negro, privileged alone from his age, and the length of his beard, to be present at the feast stood in one corner enjoying the scene, and when no response was given to "what's his name," said (very respectfully though) "pose massa, call him Treasury Note, for he cheat." The suggestion was adopted, and the miserable cur will go thus stigmatized to his grave.—*N. Y. Sun.*

UNITED STATES BANK.

Paragraphs are going the rounds of the papers, stating that the United States Bank is about to resume specie payments. There can be no foundation for such a statement, neither can there be any cause for the Bank to adopt, unless it is done with other institutions making the resumption a general movement, and as far as we can learn no such movement is in contemplation.

That they shall pay their notes and deposites in specie or Government obligations, in the manner and, at the time they may be required to do.

That at the expiration of their charters, or on the dissolution of the Bank, they receive remittances of their additional subscriptions in the Government obligations which they may hold.

That they shall abstain, after the plan goes into operation, or after a prescribed time, from the issue of any bills of a less denomination than those already issued, that they may receive on loan no smaller sum than fifty dollars.

That they shall render to the Government a monthly account of their affairs.

6. That the like provisions shall be applied to such banks as already have been incorporated, and the loan of specie be augmented under prescribed modifications and limitations.

Mr. Peel has not yet declared the existence, after a prescribed time, be subject to a stamp duty of 1 per cent. on the value of such accounts.

That in case of subscriptions made by individuals, specie shall be paid to the Government, either to the same amount as the proportion of bank subscriptions, or to such as may be deemed prudent; or, what may be better, that the loan be chosen of such a form as to be a public notice, shall offer the best terms.

That the specie received on the loans shall be placed in the custody of, and under the direction of the Government Directors, and that they shall receive adequate compensation, and shall be so selected as to secure the highest respectability and integrity. But it is not to be subject to departmental or other smaller influence as to secure the Government from abuse.

They shall also be charged with the fabrication of the Treasury Change, and the issue of the above promissory obligations of the United States.

10. The promissory obligations of the United States shall be paid in specie on demand; and they shall be received in payment of all taxes or public dues, and be given in discharge of all debts due to the United States.

11. In case an exigency should arise—which God forbid—when the specie in the vaults of the Bank should not be more enough to pay the obligations demanded, Congress, or the President in their recess, may suspend the payment of specie temporarily: but in case such an event, and while the suspension endures, the holder of such obligations may fund the same in stock of the United States bearing an annual interest of six per centum, redeemable at the pleasure of the United States.

12. The commissioners shall be empowered, from time to time, to exchange the United States Treasury obligations for specie, in such a way and process so that any one may exchange specie for them from the public vaults, at the rate of one per cent.

13. The account of the United States obligations to be fixed by Congress.—*Vol Gaz.*

NEW ORLEANS, July 9, 1837.

Mexico.—Papers and letters from the city of Mexico to the 16th ult. have been received. The Watch, bring further details of the signal victories obtained by the troops of government over the insurgents, and the complete restoration of order and quiet. The Federal system is entirely dispersed or subdued; and the Centralists have reduced to submission the States of Vera Cruz, which was revolutionized by the federalists.

The eternal and despotic administration of Bustamente is passing away, but not without the infliction of the smoke in various sections of that military and aristocratical republic, is evident from the following extract from a letter from the attorney was N. Blunt, Esq. and the Counsel for the defendant W. P. Hawes, Esq.

"Gen. Santa Anna is at Jalapa.—I was with a party of gentlemen, including the defendant, to see him. He received us very politely, and with tact. The defendant called for a woodcock shot, and Santa Anna sent for one. It was not there time, and I saw one of them in the defendant's hand, which was not in plates—I saw him actually devour it.

Cross-examined by Mr. Hawes.—In each sure there was a woodcock in a bird.

Mr. Wilson.—I was not aware that any difference had arisen between them—I can see no reason why there should.

Mr. Hawes. Come, sir, none of your innuendoes—you will answer them as they are put, you will extract them all before I am half done with you. Now, sir, you were on the coast, and I should think you can have no objection to give information. Ask you what is the difference between a woodcock and a bird? Is there not the first half of their names being alike?

Witness.—I have already observed that the chief distinction is in the pocket. The court must perceive that the bird has a much greater pocket than the woodcock. In answer to the most prominent distinction.—In answer to the question, what is the difference between a woodcock and a bird? Is there not the first half of their names being alike?

Mr. Hawes.—Then I understand that the chief distinction is in the pocket. The court must perceive that the bird has a much greater pocket than the woodcock. In answer to the most prominent distinction.—In answer to the question, what is the difference between a woodcock and a bird? Is there not the first half of their names being alike?

Witness.—I have already observed that the chief distinction is in the pocket. The court must perceive that the bird has a much greater pocket than the woodcock. In answer to the most prominent distinction.—In answer to the question, what is the difference between a woodcock and a bird? Is there not the first half of their names being alike?

The Mexican papers contains the treaty concluded at Madrid, on the 26th December last, between Spain and Mexico, by which the former treats, and the Mexican Plenipotentiary, basis of the treaty of the acknowledgment of the independence of Mexico, and the renewal of friendly and commercial relations between the two countries.

The Mexican Congress passed, on the ——— which is confided to the true Mexican style. Santa Anna is invested with the title of Hero, and empowered to enter into negotiations with the insurgent States of Texas, and authorized to bring to a friendly adjustment the difficulties pending between the two countries; without, however, compromising the honor, the independence, and the national honor, and should the endeavors of the Executive to that end be crowned with success, the President is equally empowered to enter into such treaties as may be necessary for the commerce with the ports of the United States.

INTERESTING FROM TEXAS.

It gives us pleasure to publish a Galveston Bee of a late date, to inform persons having friends in Texas, or those interested in that new country, that the Land Office is open for the transactions for the establishment of a Post Office Department, and that Mr. Burr, one of the clerks of well known abilities, is appointed Post Master General. He has already set on foot and throughout the interior of Texas, without the delay which despatches were formerly subject to, and the Texian Post Office is now fairly established. Letters will despatches every improvement in the mail service, which is so necessary to a country possessing a climate so mild and healthy, and a soil so rich and fertile.

The Bee says that the Texian Navy is in a fine state of business with Sandy Welsh, and serves up wonderous, but owns his house no longer. Sandy Welsh, it is said, has the satisfaction that the woodcocks might be saved until the Congress of the United States, when they will possess in a few years.

The Bee says, a person of genteel appearance arrived at the Galveston Commercial House at the Washington Hotel, and about one o'clock P. M. stepping the chamber doors of the lodgers, some of which were ladies, were lighted to a vacant chamber, took the keys of a trunk from under the pillow of the bed of one of the ladies, and opened the trunk and took several hundred dollars, together with a gold watch and jewelry. He robbed them proceeded to another room, and carried off the contents of a pocket book, and after trying several rooms, succeeded in the bar-room, and asked the porter if he could procure him some liquor, which request being suddenly taken ill. The porter ran to open the front door, while he procured some liquor, and on returning found the man gone, the gentleman very coolly walked out with the "specie." He is supposed to be an old and expert thief.

A Dreadful Accident occurred at the Northampton Woollen Factory on the Fourth. An artillery piece had been discharged a number of times, when suddenly the keg containing the powder exploded to the hands of an individual; the cause of the explosion cannot accurately be ascertained, but it is thought fire was communicated by a piece of wadding. There were twenty or thirty persons near by at the moment and twelve were more or less injured and killed—two or three of them dangerously—but on the left name had died. We had a monitory lesson again, shockingly enforced, to be sensitive to the use of powder!

NORTH EAST BOUNDARY.

The following is an extract from the late debates upon the subject in the British parliament. It shows the English government have a very disposition to adjust the question in the fairest manner we have not the slightest doubt, but there are some difficulties connected with the question which may prevent its settlement for some time.

Sir H. Peel availed himself of that opportunity to ask the noble Lord, the head of that office, in what position our differences were with the United States, on the north-eastern frontier. He wished to know whether the differences were adjusted, or whether any progress had been made towards their adjustment?

Lord Palmerston, in reply, said that a great deal of correspondence had taken place upon the two governments on the subject, and that each government was equally desirous of a sincere desire to come to an adjustment of the differences at present existing. He must do that justice to the government of the United States particularly the late president, Andrew Jackson. The present government of the United States labored, however, under some difficulty, with regard to the boundary question, for its discretion was limited by a certain independent action on the part of the province of Maine.

Of late there had been no written communications between the two governments. He had received a despatch on the subject with the American minister in this country, and Mr. Fox, the British minister in America, had been in treaty with the American authorities in the United States. The most recent communications that had taken place on the subject had been published in the papers, and he thought the publication of those official communications, the right hon. baronet would see that the negociations were not likely to lead, for the present, to any favorable prospect of an immediate arrangement.

Sir R. Peel—I am glad to hear that there would be any objection to lay before parliament the papers which had been laid before the Congress of the United States.

Sir R. Peel—Is the province of Maine in the hands of the United States?

Lord Palmerston.—The disputed territory, or at any rate, a very great part of it, is in the occupation at present, upon the understanding that it is not to be considered as any valid exercise of the rights belonging to permanent territorial possession.

Sir R. Peel.—I do not see how any arrangement of that sort can be made. The land must be granted either to England or America. It is occupied entirely by British subjects!

Lord Palmerston.—I have stated at all at present; it is occupied by vast forests of wood, by a few persons employed in the cutting of the wood, until the differences are settled in one way or the other.

Mormons.—These crazy fanatics have their principal settlement in Kirtland, Ohio, about 5 miles from the shore of Lake Erie and 20 miles from Cleveland. They number in all 6000 persons under their leader Joe Smith. They have another party in Missouri. Their literary person named Sydney Rigdon, formerly a preacher of the doctrine of Campbell. He is said strongly to favor the latter party. Their banking house has been established, of which, Joe Smith, is President and Sydney Rigdon, Cashier. Two issues have been about $150,000. The Bank is a splendid edifice, built of stone, and is the best property. The houses are small, including the Prophet Joe's. The temple is a beautiful building of rough stone, 110 feet square, and 70 feet to its best square. Each of the two principal stories is 50 feet high, in one of which the interior are supported by six fluted columns, of the Corinthian order. In the part which contains the

A VALEDICTORY TO DISTANT SUBSCRIBERS.

☞ *The exigencies of the times and the demolition of the currency in the Southern, South Western, and some of the Western States, compel us reluctantly to reform the system of credits and indulgences we have suffered to grow for some time past in our distant subscription.*

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, or at furthest during the year. A large proportion of debts due us, amounting in many instances to dollars, entirely cripples us in collecting in the usual way them would be required.

We shall try the "experiment," by discontinuing at the expiration of the current six months all subscriptions not paid in advance, in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, and Georgia, and shall follow it up by pruning our patronage in Carolinas, Arkansas, Missouri, Tennessee, &c.

Our business must go on, and we hope will not, borne so far endeavouring to throw off, what for the present at least proves a grievous burden—a large portion of our patronage in those States. Our papers not worth paying for, and those we have disposed to remember us, cannot furnish us with a circulating medium which will answer our purpose.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, July 15, 1837.

☞ All persons are cautioned against purchasing Newspapers with the name of the Saturday Evening Post. The Carriers are not authorised to sell single papers.

CHESTER COUNTY DUES.

We have understood that many of our patrons in Chester county, have paid their subscriptions to JONATHAN DENNIS, an *irreclaimable* individual that we employed to collect accounts last fall, in Chester county, in consideration of his worthy relatives.

Jonathan Dennis has absconded from West Chester, without making proper returns of his collections, and we of course, have to suffer the loss. Our trusty travelling agent, William M. Pierce, will accordingly visit Chester and Lancaster counties in a few weeks, to settle up all accounts. In the mean time we hope that Jonathan Dennis, will obtain the proper credits, on showing the receipts to S. W. Painter, agent at West Chester, and G. Sherman, agent at Lancaster, or at the publication office.

Jonathan Dennis is a lame young man, and uses a crutch, age about twenty-four years, by trade a tailor, very staggering, fond of snow, and talks large—from which circumstances that have recently come to our knowledge, we do not hesitate to say that having only a little money in the citizens of Lancaster or any other place which he may wend his way, to beware of a most unprincipled, heartless, rogue.

STOP THE RUNAWAYS.

James Brockden, late of Bridgeton, N. J. has absconded to the far far West, leaving an amiable kindred among the buffaloes, leaving us 12, 12 months subscription.

R. H. Roberts and Wm. Rigby have cleared out from Copenhagen, N. York, on the same errand leaving us minus 2 years subscription.—We understand that Mr. Roberts walked off a large sow, and kindly transferred the piggery to his friend, who has just now followed his example.

CITY AFFAIRS.

Business has sunk still lower of lethargy, in the present quarter, and although the reports of Saturday are but few and far between, the monotony of "dull times" is hardly more endurable. Merchants are doing little or nothing, and even the daily labour of preserving their credit from the ravages of bad generally finds them without employment in the midst of their counters, and the scarcity of renewals. Many branches of employment have turned their attention to agriculture, and the tide of emigration to the fertile prairies of the west, is hourly understood. Industry with health in ordinary capital required for doing to ensure comfortable independence.

There is a rumour in circulation respecting the reception of specie payments on the part of the United States Bank, is probably well founded—the measure would be merely nominal, and if resorted to for the purpose of evading the terms of the charter. The fond hope of the administration, when gold and silver shall bear all the purposes of a currency—that credit and commerce shall have perished for the want of a means of awakening public confidence, and the banks have crept into their graves, is a delusion too absurd to find credence with the people. The little attempts at a resumption of specie payments are well assured that it requires

THE BETTER CURRENCY.

Delaware State Journal cautions the public against spurious notes, purporting to be issued by a banking company in Wilmington.

Messrs. Manufacturers' Exchange, are about making loans on very advantageous terms, and they will circulate their new notes, and they are accordingly being put into the market.

Doubts the propriety of Mr. Gouter giving away his authority from the Banks, "patent certificates of loans to subscription. The "actuary" actually assumed too much of corporeality. The responsibility.

Mr. Leon Company, till recently, accommodates the necessities of the public, by the issue of its bilious promises. accommodating farmers manufacturers universal—blank notes, with room for the banks stand name. Money made visible and corporate.

THE EXTENSION LOAN.

The United States Bank has loaned $600,000 to Pennsylvania, at 4 per cent., to complete the Erie Extension and North Branch Canal. By this recent visit to Harrisburg, the bank has exhibited his usual conciliation, and Conner imparted much interest to the character of Welborn.

Macbeth was performed on the succeeding night.

We have omitted to observe that the house has been crowded, since the engagement of Booth. This is a practical rebuke for "John Bull," who had not the judgment to appreciate properly this distinguished performer.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The marriage of the Duke of Orleans, which took place at Fontainbleau, on the 30th of May, is at present the engrossing theme of the London and Parisian Journalists. The most minute details of the royal festival are entered into—though we have sought in vain for a description of the bridal dress of the Princess Helena, to present to our fair readers. We regret that the personal attractions of the bride, there are no—we should be pleased—although they may all be summed up in the quaint and expressive phrase of a correspondent of the Morning Herald, that she is "very comfortable looking." This we presume means in American phraseology, "if not pretty she is amiable"—a common praise of criticism which by the by Miss Martineau has not declined in her last. The Royal Duke may however felicitate himself upon his possession of her good nature is a qualification seldom expected in the royal marriages.

We transcribe an account of the presentation for the benefit of those of our republican readers, who were not at Washington during the last inauguration, and has therefore no idea of royal state.

"As the carriage entered the great gate of the court, the guard at the head of the double staircase of the façade presented with the usual salute. The King, the Queen, all the royal family, the royal princes and princesses of the blood, several personages invited, were all assembled, and as the carriage advanced, the princesses and princesses, accompanied, the future husband of the Princess Helena, and their suite, descended the right side of the horseshoe staircase, and the rest of the assembled group on the other, the council and was entered, preceded by Louis Philip and the Queen alone remained with a few attendants at the top of the staircase. On descending from the carriage, the Duke of Orleans offered his hand to the bride, the Duke of Orleans to the Duchess of Mecklenburgh, and ascended again the staircase to present her to the King and Queen, who received her with open arms in evident emotion, and kissed her on both eyes. On turning to the Queen, the princess appeared to kiss her hand, but the Queen stopped her with the kindness of the most affectionate mother, and embraced her. The whole assembled party then entered the grand reception hall, where the noblesse of the ten monarchs hall, where the noblesse of the ten monarchs hall, where the noblesse of the ten monarchs

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

MY AIN WIFE.

I wadna gie my ain wife
For ony wife I see;
I wadna gie my ain wife
For ony wife I see;
A bonnier yet I've never seen
A better canna be;
I wadna gie my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

O courtie is my ragle cheek,
And cherrie is my Jean;
I never see her aancy look,
Nor hear her aandy een.
Sha's guid wi' a the neighbors roun,
An' ay is guid wi' me,
I wadna gie my ain wife,
For ony wife I see!

An' O her looks are bindie,
They melt my heart out right
When a'er the baby at her breast
She hangs wi' fond delight;
She looks intil an honest man,
An' ever looks to me—
I wadna gie my ain wife,
For ony wife I see!

A SHORT DIALOGUE.

JOHN—I am sorry my girl I please.
TOM—Yes, because you don't please my girl.
Jo—He had better get a little gal-ant-ry.—*Bost. Post.*

PRACTICAL RETORT.—In the theatre at Weimer, in Germany, not long ago, there were only seven persons in the house when pit hour arrived. Under the circumstances the manager brought his company on the stage, and had a private performance.

A STRONG DEFENCE.—There are three points in this case, may it please your honor, said the defendant's counsel. The first is that when the kettle was cracked when we borrowed it. Secondly that it was whole when we returned it; and thirdly, that we never had it.

When may a horse be considered defunct?—D'ye give it up? Answer. When his hay day has-ty-n over.

A contribution was taken up at a public meeting in Nashua, lately, and among the contents of the box was an iron half dollar. A mean fellow, from three brass watch keys, and a box of anti bilious pills.

"Jem, you've been drinking." "No I have'nt I've been looking at another man drinking and it was too much for me.

"Bill, you're drunk." "Yes, but not with liquor, only the fumes. I merely smelled Sam's breath which was very much intoxicated.

"Tom," said a Benedict, to a happy bachelor "why don't you choose a wife to be a solace to your sadness?" "Because I choose myself, sa-Tom, to be solus to my affections.—*Philada. paper.*

SCENE.—A Counting house on Central Wharf.
Mr. A. writing at a table. Enter Mr. B.
Mr. B. Good morning, Mr. A.
Mr. A. Airly. Good morning Sir.
Mr. B. Have you any gunny bags?
Mr. A. Yes.
Mr. B. Will they answer for coffee?
Mr. A. I think it probable they might.
Mr. B. Are they wool or cotton? wait moment.

Mr. A. They are all in good order, having been lately examined and repaired.
Mr. B. How large are they?
Mr. A. The usual size.
Mr. B. How many have you?
Mr. A. About five hundred.
Mr. B. What price do you ask for them?
Mr. A. *Oh, they are not for sale!*
Mr. B. Will you understand to make a bargain, if you wish to save time, begin at the right end.—*Boston Courier.*

ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE.

The following extracts, which will be read with great interest, are taken from a work entitled Evenings with Prince Lambkiewicz.

MADAME BONAPARTE.—"The emperor exclaimed to me his intentions, and utter father," that you can be ignorant of such matters! Pray what do they teach you at your educational institution? Bonaparte is commander-in-chief of all the armies of France, and has been since the decease of the Bonaparte or soldiers."

Ah!" said he son," then he will play at the game of the Bastile.

The father, as if absorbed in a financial calculation, replied, "Yes, yes, my son, you are quite right, his son—

"My dear papa," said he, "you are now but eight years old, and have a long life before you; during which you will see many strange sights, but, I am confident, you will never witness a greater," says my newspaper—therefore, my child, consider it as the only holiday in history—as I tell you there was evening; because I wish you to be sure to your self to be versatile, that you have seen this goldike musician.

"Papa, will it coat much to say all this?"

"Thirty francs, my son."

"O, Lord! how many farts and sugar candies that would buy!"

Run and get dressed, my son, and prepare yourself for a surprise."

The child was dressed, and prepared himself for a surprise. It was announced to the father, and went to the Opera—there he surprised the tender affections of his father, by taking a long, long nap.

"No matter," thought the father, "the little rascal can say hereafter that has heard Paganini.

THE SCRAPE-BOOK.

"LUCK'S ALL."—Some men seem born to be lucky. Just their luck to be born rich, and just for them no revolutions. Whatever they touch turns to gold. Whatever they do, it is the philosopher's stone. At games of chance fate is on their side. Even in the matrimonial market they hold four suits of trumps. They get windfalls, without a breath stirring—as letters put into the post office by lotteries—on the fair, their horse—an outsider—always wins. They are the favored wooers of fortune. At the very worst, in trying to drown themselves, they find a pearl necklace, or a treasure chest of the Spanish Armada; or tie their halter to a hook, that unseals a board in the ceiling. That's luck.

There is another kind of fortune, called ill-luck, well, that you know well enough, I guess. That's my luck.

Mine is a kind of luck, or scrap-book: but I, a strange book. It is there to insert bon-mots, reflections, anecdotes, curiosities of all kinds, and—mine to record misfortunes, failures, accidents, disappointments: in short, as the letters say, I am the universal depot for the sale of all sorts of trouble, bitter as extract of bark.

Not a day, not an hour in the day; in the first week of the honeymoon, lumbered over my fireside with a bachelor. He has all the sexes, thanks to me, he is now able to check them. Some of our friends having got me to write against me, proceeded to settle on my calf. Others swarmed on my hands. My bald head seemed a perfect honeycomb. Even my dog, Tiger, the two-stringed, he had the "strings" and arrows of outrageous fortune. But that's my luck. Even my dog, Tiger, bolter as extract of bark.

Not a day, not an hour in the day; in the first week of the honeymoon, lumbered over my fireside with a bachelor. He has all the sexes, thanks to me, he is now able to check them. Some of our friends having got me to write against me, proceeded to settle on my calf. Others swarmed on my hands. My bald head seemed a perfect honeycomb. Even my dog, Tiger, the two-stringed, he had the "strings" and arrows of outrageous fortune. But that's my luck. Even my dog, Tiger, bolted into the horse-pond, and torn out by Tiger, the two-stringed, and rolled by the son—sir, per call for the doctor, but luck—not satisfied with that, my wife, and none but lamp-oil to the house, received one of the stings at last—what luck! by bird of the air.

Mr. Gore my adored Belinda a black eye, in the opera concert, seeing it as I had no opportunity to snatch her rebuke. Belinda's part taken by my friends, as dear as my own heart, who gave a slight one "for striking a woman." My luck again.

Mr. Purchased a mare, warranted so gentle that a lady might ride her, and, indeed, so animated was the good spirit, except the lashes, commonly in the Rhos-room, at Exeter Change. Mr. Got for the first time in his life to ride with Miss Park—put my foot in the stirrup, and found Miss Park on the other side of the mare. Mr. and Miss Park are thrown by their horses, but I added does it for me. Well,—a thing is so hard as my luck—I found the fourth flag or house of business or head quarters where all assemble and discuss any suggested proposals.

The second brother, Solomon, resides alternately at Berlin and Vienna, though the latter is the official quarter of the whole.

Charles, the fourth brother, born 1788, a resident at Naples. The youngest, James, lives at Paris, and has a family by the daughter of his second brother. Nathan, the first founder and best known on the side o the Atlantic, on account of his more immediate connection with American mercantile matters, res ded up to the period of his demise which took place recently, in London.

The four surviving members of this remarkable family are looked to, at the present time, as the chief arbiters of many decisions. By them introduced a system of exact capital that can sustain the integrity of government; and by the same they have been known on entered into any loan, if disposed, bring rom upon the trade of nations. But as far as we have learned, they have their sacrifices to be made before they can leave the present torture.—*N. Y. Sun.*

TENDER SOLICITUDE OF A FATHER.—"My son," said papa to his darling, "Paganini is here; will you hear him play?"

"What is a Paganini?" asked the boy.

"How, is it possible, my son," said the father, "that you can be ignorant of such matters! Pray what do they teach you at your educational institution? Bonaparte is commander-in-chief of all the armies of France, and has been since the decease of the Bonaparte or soldiers."

Ah!" said the son, " then he will play at the game of the Bastile.

The father, as if absorbed in a financial calculation, replied, "Yes, yes, my son, you are quite right, his son—

"My dear papa," said he, "you are now but eight years old, and have a long life before you; during which you will see many strange sights, but, I am confident, you will never witness a greater," says my newspaper—therefore, my child, consider it as the only holiday in history—as I tell you there was evening; because I wish you to be sure to your self to be versatile, that you have seen this goldike musician.

"Papa, will it coat much to say all this?"

"Thirty francs, my son."

"O, Lord! how many farts and sugar candies that would buy!"

Run and get dressed, my son, and prepare yourself for a surprise."

The child was dressed, and prepared himself for a surprise. It was announced to the father, and went to the Opera—there he surprised the tender affections of his father, by taking a long, long nap.

"No matter," thought the father, "the little rascal can say hereafter that has heard Paganini.

THE SCRAPE-BOOK.

"LUCK'S ALL."—Some men seem born to be lucky. Just their luck to be born rich, and just for them no revolutions. Whatever they touch turns to gold. Whatever they do, it is the philosopher's stone. At games of chance fate is on their side. Even in the matrimonial market they hold four suits of trumps. They get windfalls, without a breath stirring—as letters put into the post office by lotteries—on the fair, their horse—an outsider—always wins. They are the favored wooers of fortune. At the very worst, in trying to drown themselves, they find a pearl necklace, or a treasure chest of the Spanish Armada; or tie their halter to a hook, that unseals a board in the ceiling. That's luck.

There is another kind of fortune, called ill-luck, well, that you know well enough, I guess. That's my luck.

Mine is a kind of luck, or scrap-book: but I, a strange book. It is there to insert bon-mots, reflections, anecdotes, curiosities of all kinds, and—mine to record misfortunes, failures, accidents, disappointments: in short, as the letters say, I am the universal depot for the sale of all sorts of trouble, bitter as extract of bark.

Not a day, not an hour in the day; in the first week of the honeymoon, lumbered over my fireside with a bachelor. He has all the sexes, thanks to me, he is now able to check them. Some of our friends having got me to write against me, proceeded to settle on my calf. Others swarmed on my hands. My bald head seemed a perfect honeycomb. Even my dog, Tiger, the two-stringed, he had the "strings" and arrows of outrageous fortune. But that's my luck. Even my dog, Tiger, bolted into the horse-pond, and torn out by Tiger, the two-stringed, and rolled by the son—sir, per call for the doctor, but luck—not satisfied with that, my wife, and none but lamp-oil to the house, received one of the stings at last—what luck! by bird of the air.

Mr. Gore my adored Belinda a black eye, in the opera concert, seeing it as I had no opportunity to snatch her rebuke. Belinda's part taken by my friends, as dear as my own heart, who gave a slight one "for striking a woman." My luck again.

Mr. Purchased a mare, warranted so gentle that a lady might ride her, and, indeed, so animated was the good spirit, except the lashes, commonly in the Rhos-room, at Exeter Change. Mr. Got for the first time in his life to ride with Miss Park—put my foot in the stirrup, and found Miss Park on the other side of the mare. Mr. and Miss Park are thrown by their horses, but I added does it for me. Well,—a thing is so hard as my luck—I found the fourth flag or house of business or head quarters where all assemble and discuss any suggested proposals.

The second brother, Solomon, resides alternately at Berlin and Vienna, though the latter is the official quarter of the whole.

Charles, the fourth brother, born 1788, a resident at Naples. The youngest, James, lives at Paris, and has a family by the daughter of his second brother. Nathan, the first founder and best known on the side o the Atlantic, on account of his more immediate connection with American mercantile matters, res ded up to the period of his demise which took place recently, in London.

The four surviving members of this remarkable family are looked to, at the present time, as the chief arbiters of many decisions. By them introduced a system of exact capital that can sustain the integrity of government; and by the same they have been known on entered into any loan, if disposed, bring rom upon the trade of nations. But as far as we have learned, they have their sacrifices to be made before they can leave the present torture.—*N. Y. Sun.*

TENDER SOLICITUDE OF A FATHER.—"My son," said papa to his darling,"